The St. Johns Herald

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One of the first locks in the Nicaragua canal seems to be a deadlock.

The Queen's life was insured by her subjects for about $2,000,000. Who will say that she was not worth it?

A personification of perseverance is that man who has married the same woman three times, having been divorced from her twice.

David said all men were liars, and Washington asserted he could not tell a falsehood. Here's a question for the debating societies to settle.

Mrs. Woolley wants to know the difference between playing euchre for a prize or gambling for money, and she hasn't found any person who is bold enough to draw the line.

The Sultan's ambassador to Spain has resigned because he cannot get his salary. If he had asked, the United States could have told him a thing or two about the way Abdul forgets to pay his debts.

Paris has caught the annexation fever and proposes to extend her limits to include a number of her suburbs, thereby increasing her population. "Greater" Chicago and "Greater" New York will doubtless regard this as imitation.

Demos is a funny bird! The people of Servia detested Milan when he was King and would like to have seen him lynched. They resented his brutal treatment of Queen Natalie and hated him for what he was—a roue, a card sharp and a general all-around blackguard. Yet when his son, King Alexander, displays coolness about his death and has him buried outside of the kingdom he had disgraced the same populace becomes highly indignant at such unfilial conduct and storms the palace, with intent to do injury to the undutiful child. The vagaries of the mob almost equal those of the petit jury.

The South African war has overshadowed for a time that great project of Cecil Rhodes', the Cape-to-Cairo telegraph. That work has gone steadily on. Forests, streams, natives and wild animals have been conquered. Three thousand miles of poles, stretching northward from the Cape, have been erected, and but one thousand three hundred miles yet remain to be conquered. Rhodes has also undertaken that greatest project the world has ever seen—the Cape-to-Cairo Railway—which will soon be pushed to Victoria Falls. When these great enterprises are completed a long step will have been taken for the civilization of Africa. War is a great force, but how can it compare with modern science—that which is inevitably conquering the dark regions and the habitations of cruelty.

Are angels men? asks E. B. Trescot in Temple Magazine, and he points out that all the angels one ever reads of are men. To this the London Academy replies that while in literature angels are men, in art, they are women—the reason for the difference seeming to be literary and artistic demands. Neither of these journals, however, states the fact that all the angels one meets in daily life are women, nor does either note the passing fancy that all the ministering angels in current literature are women. Wings on angels seem to have been the result of an evolutionary process, for the earliest angels of whom we have any knowledge are not described as having wings. Evidently those who appeared to Abraham and to Lot were without wings, and, while in the new testament the seraphim and cherubim are described as winged angels proper, these who communicated God's message to man were wingless. The poet Nonnus, who lived in Egypt in the fifth century, is the first on record to speak of angel's wings. Since then what splendor of color, what variegated beauty and delicacy of tint has been found in these heavenly beings, whom Dante was pleased to call "birds of God." As the word angel signifies messenger, it was natural that this order of beings should take on wings, which indicate speed. Hermes, the Greek messenger of the gods, with winged feet, is shown also with wings on his golden sandals, on his broad-brimmed hat and on his caduceus, or staff. He does not take on a birdlike form, with wings on his back. The modern idea of an angel is associated with kindness, sympathy and healing devotion. Hence the modern angel has no wings. She does not fly. She stays by, ready to assist. Perhaps the real type of the modern angel is best seen in the trained nurse, who ministers to the sick with patience and intelligence, and who fulfills her mission without flutter or rustle.

The retirement of President Charles E. Perkins, of the "Burlington," and the advancement of George B. Harris to the presidency of the largest independent railway system in this or any other country are events of more than ordinary interest to the business world. They serve to call attention not only to the high order of executive and administrative ability now required to manage the great transportation properties of the country, but also convey to the people significant object lessons in the application of the "merit system" of promotion—the only system that assures efficient and economic management in the interests of stockholders and of the people. There can be no finer exemplification of the "merit system" in a public or quasi-public service for the study of the people than is presented in the management of such great railway systems as the "Burlington" and the "Northwestern." The new President of the "Burlington," who is placed at the head of a system embracing 8,064 miles of line with 14,000 stockholders, is a "railroad man." Modern conditions in railroading in this country make it impossible that any other sort of a man could be seriously considered for such a position. The time is gone by when untrained or inexperienced relatives or favorites of influential stockholders can be advanced to responsible managerial positions in the great railway systems. Promotion in all the big systems is now based upon absolute demonstrated knowledge of every important detail of the transportation business. Mr. Harris, the new President, and General Manager William C. Brown are splendid types of "the twentieth century railroad man." Each worked his way up from the bottom. There is no detail in the entire range of railroad management from track building to motive power and equipment with which they are not familiar. The railway career of the new President of the "Burlington" began at the age of 16 as office boy for the Hannibal and St. Joseph Road, now a part of the "Burlington." From this he gradually climbed to the top through successive promotions embracing nearly every branch of the operating department.

Students of social conditions in England are tending toward the conclusion that the humane sentiment of modern society is productive of harm in some of its phases. The Spectator recently showed that the comfortable housing of paupers in London, with all its great benefits, has had a bad effect in increasing pauperism. During the Boer war and the prosperity of the last year it was impossible to get enough men in London to do all the work offered, yet the almshouse population showed no falling off. There were thousands of new occupants. In the same way the too lenient treatment of habitual criminals seems to be having a bad effect, as shown by Robert Anderson, Assistant Commissioner of Police in London, in an article in the Nineteenth Century. Mr. Anderson shows by official statistics that crimes by professional offenders have steadily increased in London since the transportation of such criminals was abolished in 1867. While the total number of felonies has shown a gratifying decrease, the number of offenses by professional criminals has grown each year. Within the last half century the burglaries in London have increased fifteen-fold, and professional offenses of other kinds have shown a similar increase. Mr. Anderson believes this is due to the milder punishments which the general decrease of crime has made possible. Men who deliberately choose a life of crime are taking advantage of the humane sentiment which permits them to escape with short terms. They should be treated more stringently than the ordinary law breaker. The point Mr. Anderson makes is valid. He says the practice of sentencing a habitual criminal merely for his latest offense is unjust to the community. Such a criminal, after serving his sentence, at once returns to his 'profession." To set such a public enemy at liberty, says Mr. Anderson, is as stupid and wicked as to allow a smallpox patient to go at large in the community. He urges life imprisonment for such cases. When a man is seen to belong irrevocably to the class of incorrigibles he should no longer be released to prey upon the public. If all the well-known criminals of this kind were so treated, says Sir James Stephen, an eminent English jurist, "the really bad offenders might in a few years be made as rare as wolves."

KURD AND THE CAMERA.

How Mumford, with Aid of Seyyid, Got Some Photographs.

The seyyid—hackman and nothing more—exacted the deference due to him, all along the road. Once beside a deep, sluggish stream we came upon an encampment of nomads, who had come down out of the mountains to wash and shear their animals, says Harper's Weekly. They were hard at work, the boys holding down the sheep and goats, while the elders removed the fleeces. The women, to whom health lent a buxom kind of beauty, and who, after the manner of mountain women, were lax about the exposure of their faces, went about among the flocks, drawing milk into earthen vessels. As I leaped across the stream, camera in hand, a great cry of protest went up, and the chief of the outfit, a bronzed, bearded and rangy gentleman, who missed his proper place in the world by not being where he could play right guard on a Princton eleven, came running with half a dozen of his retainers and a dozen Kurdish sheep dogs at his heels. He was roaring lustily and waving his arms in mandate to me to get back to the other bank, and, reaching for a sort of bush hook that he carried to make the argument good. In the wildest plunge of his onslaught he caught sight of the seyyid's green belt. He stopped as if some thoughtful person had pulled an airbrake on him, and began to kowtow.

With wrath and reverance struggling in him he asked the seyyid what sort of being I was and what I was going to do to his people with that "box which had the evil eye in the end of it." It was explained to him. He looked doubtingly at the camera, then whispered to the seyyid, "Is it a sin?"

"No," said the lawgiver.

The chief relaxed his hold of his snickersnee, and put his entire company, men, boys, sheep, goats and rosy-cheeked women, through their paces, while the evil eye winked knowingly and often.

Marble Arch to Be Demolished.

The celebrated marble arch, one of London's most notable landmarks, is shortly to be demolished, though the reason for such an act has not yet been published. This interesting object was built by George IV. at a cost of $400,000 as an entrance to Buckingham palace, where it did duty in that capacity for many years. But as the gateway to the palace the arch was a failure. It had the effect of dwarfing the royal residence, and visitors who went to view the royal house from the exterior saw "plenty of gate," to quote an old description, "and very little palace." Accordingly, in 1850, it was removed to its present position in Hyde Park. It is not a solid structure, but contains several rooms.

Germany's Leather Exports.

As compared with the first nine months of 1899, Germany's exports of leathe and leather goods for the corresponding period this year showed a decrease of $6,000,000.

DIPLOMACY IN A RESTAURANT.

One Way of Getting Rid of an Undesirable Guest Without a Fuss.

"I know now why one restaurant-keeper is successful," remarked a broker the other day. "I was in the main dining-room at 6 o'clock one evening with a party of men. We noticed a little commotion near the entrance, and saw that it was caused by the arrival of a well-dressed, good-natured-looking man, whose bearing showed that he had been out with the boys. He wasn't noisy or offensive, but he couldn't have walked a chalk line if his life depended upon it.

"He came down the room in an uncertain way, shelled off his overcoat, put it with his hat on a chair, sat down, folded his arms on the table, and went to sleep. The waiters looked at him and ran after the head waiter. The latter walked up to the sleeping man as though he intended to awaken him. Then he stopped and called a waiter.

" 'Go for the proprietor,' he said.

"The proprietor came.

" 'That's so-and-so,' said the head waiter. 'He's a good customer, but he's very drunk, and he's gone fast asleep. What shall I do? Shall I wake him up?'

" 'We mustn't offend him,' said the proprietor. 'I'll tell you what to do." Then he whispered to the head waiter and went away. The head waiter called a waiter and in turn whispered to him. Then he went away.

"The waiter went to the china pantry and came back with a finger bowl. This he put on the table where the sleeping man was. In doing so he rubbed the fingers of the sleeper. The man straightened up and opened his eyes. The boy was not looking at him but had picked up the water bottle and was filling the finger bowl. In doing so he knocked the bowl with the bottle so that it rang like a bell.

"The drunken man looked at it with brightening eyes. The boy paid no attention to him, but shook out a napkin which he laid beside the finger bowl. By this time the drunken man was fully awake. The boy took up his overcoat and stood respectfully at one side as if waiting for the man to rise.

"The drunken man put his fingers in the finger bowl, dried his fingers on the napkin, and rose. The boy was behind him in a moment, and in another the overcoat was on the man's back, his hat was in his hand, and he was headed for the door. He put his hand into his pocket, slipped a coin to the boy, and walked out.

"Now that restaurant-keeper is a great man. He's a diplomat. No trouble, no noise, no row, every one satisfied and happy. That fellow ought to be an ambassador. He'd make a success of anything."

LAW AS INTERPRETED.

A dangerous practice of mail agents of throwing the mail from a moving train so as to endanger persons on the railroad premises is held, in Shaw vs. Chicago and G. T. R. Co. (Mich.), 49 L. R. A. 308, to make the railroad company liable to an intending passenger who was on the railroad platform and who was injured by a mail bag thrown against him, if the carrier had knowledge of the dangerous practice and had allowed it to continue.

Duty of care to avoid injury to trespassers on a railroad track is held, in Cleveland, C. C. & St. L. R. Co. vs. Tartt (C. C. App. 7th C.), 49 L. R. A. 98, not to arise until those in charge of a train have discovered the presence of such trespassers on or dangerously near the track and have reasonable cause to believe that injury to them will result unless the train is arrested. Liability does not arise merely because their presence might have been sooner discovered and the train is running at an unlawful speed.

Judgment for money and for the foreclosure of a mortgage upon real estate against a deceased defendant who had theretofore been duly served with process is held, in Kager vs. Vickery (Kan.), 49 L. R. A. 154, to be void, although the fact of death does not appear upon the record, and to be collaterally impeachable by heirs who were not parties to the foreclosure and who sue for the land. With this case the great number of authorities on the effect of judgment entered against a dead person are collected and analyzed, showing the conclusions at which the courts have arrived.

The Isle Gets Smaller.

With regard to the east coast a sorry story has to be told. The county of Yorkshire, for instance, from Bridlington to Spurn Head, has been disappearing, it is calculated, at an average rate of six feet a year. It is said that careful observation of a certain twelve-mile stretch shows that the cliffs forty feet high have been eaten away by the waves for 132 feet in forty years, says Good Words. It is, however, at Spurn Head that the greatest ravages have taken place.

In Edward I.'s time the village of Ravenspur, a seaport near Spurn Head, sent more than one member to parliament; in 1399 and 1471 Henry IV. and Edward IV., respectively, landed there, but very soon after the latter's visit the entire town was swept away by the sea. To-day the village of Kilnsea alone stands upon the head; the old site of the village—once a fair place on a hill, with a fine old church, destroyed by the waves, in 1826—is now some hundreds of yards below high-water mark, and when New Kilnsea joins it the sea and the Humber will not take long to destroy the entire promontory and make things very unpleasant at Grimsby. The Blue Bell inn, half-way between the sea and the river, bears a stone upon which is inscribed, "Built in the year 1847, 534 yards from the sea." When measured early last spring the distance was 334 yards.

Churches in Great Britain.

In Great Britain there are 4,843 churches, branch churches and mission stations, providing sitting accomodations for 1,744,111 persons. The church members number 431,517, a substantial increase of some 16,000 members on the returns made last year.

Weight of Honey Bees.

Five thousand honey bees as they leave the hive, weigh about one pound, but when the insects return from their visits to the flowers, freighted with honey, they weigh nearly twice as much.

A Maid to Order.

THE table was charming. The pearly expanse of damask that enfolded it was one of the Misses Dormond's most treasured possessions, saved out of a general wreck of family fortunes.

The old-fashioned silver, of those inimitable patterns which no modern shop can supply, gleamed like irregularly shaped planets at intervals across the cloth.

Moreover, a daffodil bulb cherished in windowsill warmth, had obligingly thrown out a handful of blossoms. This pot, sheathed in yellow tissue paper made a thoroughly attractive centerpiece.

"It is simply lovely," said Winifred, with a little sigh of relief and satisfaction. "I shan't be in the least afraid to have Mrs. Caulkington's eagle eye turned upon it, even though you are a candidate for her secretaryship, Isabel, and so much does depend upon making a good impression."

"The house couldn't fail to make a good impression," Isabel broke in. "It is clean and sweet and old-fashioned from top to toe. One can't say that a house has a toe? There's just one thing lacking—I do wish we had a good maid to wait on the table. I hate those embarrassing breaks in a home luncheon, where the hostess is obliged to cut off in the middle of a sentence and bolt into the kitchen to bring the broiled squab course to table.

"Yes. That's always wretchedly embarrassing," Isabel agreed. "It's harder on the guests than the hostess, too. However, there's no help for it. We don't keep a maid, and this suburb isn't a place where you can find a girl to call in for a day at a time. It's a pity, but it can't be helped.'"

"What is a pity but can't be helped?" demanded the youngest Miss Dormond, who pirouted into the room just in time to hear the last half of the sentence.

"Isabel and I were just lamenting that we didn't have a maid to serve the luncheon, Gertrude. We were saying how desperately embarrassing it is for a hostess to jump up to remove the plates after a course and to bring the next course to table."

"I never thought of that." Gertrude acquiesced in a disappointed tone. "Our

EVEN MRS. CAULKINGTON WAS IMPRESSED.

entertaining has always been so informal we're likely to make the guests change the plates and bring in the courses from the kitchen themselves. But it's true, as you say, that kind of thing won't do when we're entertaining Mrs. Caulkington. She's so critical that her eyes burn holes in anything they fall on. We wouldn't mind her little peculiarities if she were merely an acquaintance. But if Isabel is going to demand a big fat salary she must make a big fat impression. I'm sure Mrs. Caulkington would cut her down half if she knew how poor we are and how badly we need that secretaryship. Something must be done."

"Gertrude, dear, you know perfectly well that nothing can be done. There are only two hours left, and, in any case, you can't secure a girl here in the country to come in for just one day."

"I know that; but whisht, my dear! An idea dawns in my brain! Let it mature!"

"An idea for what—for getting us a maid?"

"Yes, my dear. A ready maid, so to speak."

"Silly! Do you think Isabel and I have time to waste upon your vaporings?"

"A ready maid. No, a maid to order' Don't talk to me for three minutes. I feel the idea grow in my cerebrum—and it really is a good one."

The young lady sat down in the little oaken window and buried her face in her hands.

Three minutes later she sprang up and pirouted triumphantly around the charming table.

"Huzza! I've solved the problem," she cried. "And I'll stand for it that you shall have a maid to serve Mrs. Caulkington's luncheon. A stunning maid, well trained, light-footed, soft-voiced; a maid who will not send so much as one plate of raw oysters down the back of your guest; who will do things without diagrams and will not cause the downfall and destruction of our precious willow pattern china. In fact, the maid I propose to offer you will be an explanatory key with copious illustrations to the entire servant question."

Gertrude's sisters were very far from despising the girl's ready imagination. It had often helped to solve an economic prblem which they themselves had abandoned to despair. But this crisis of the maid to order seemed considerably beyond Gertrude even, and they frankly announced themselves skeptics.

"Do you mean to look for your remarkable maid here in the suburbs or elsewhere?" they demanded.

'I shall procure her in the city—or, rather, I shall go on a little trip to the city, and I will send the maid to you in my absence."

"But, Gertrude! If you leave now for the city you won't have time, child, to get back for Mrs. Caulkington's luncheon."

"I'm not afraid, but I'm glad of an excuse to absolve myself. I'm in awe of Mrs. Caulkington, and I tremble before the glare of her lorgnettes. You can make my excuses to Mrs. Caulkington and tell her that I was obliged to go into the city on pressing business."

It seemed an injustice that Gertrude should not be there to witness the success of the occasion for which they had all worked so hard.

The older girls reasoned, pleaded, represented, but Gertrude stood firm.

PART II.

Mrs. Caulkington's critical eyes were already boring holes in the drawing-room furniture, and the luncheon hour was but three minutes in the future.

Isabel, in her prettiest silk waist, was arranging the oyster plates upon the table, preliminary to ushering their guest into the dining-room.

Suddenly a purling of gingham skirts brushed the silence of the place, and a soft voice sounded in Isabel's ear.

"If you please, Miss," said the voice. "Miss Gertrude done send me. I am de maid to ordah."

"Good gracious!" shrieked Isabel, under her breath. She started back, the oyster plate in her hand narrowly escaping calamity.

She said "Good gracious!" once more, and very fervently when she turned. For there, not a yard from her side, waiting to be assigned to her duties, stood the most desirable of colored waitresses.

She was tall, well poised, and, barring her skin, a strikingly handsome young woman. Her pink gingham gown fitted to perfection and closely resembled one worn by Gertrude for mornings on the porch. Her dainty ruffled apron was strikingly like one which Isabel herself wore while sewing. Perched saucily in her black, ripply hair, she wore a bit of a cap, which, when examined at close range, seemed to be nothing more than a tuft of white lace cleverly pinned.

Isabel took a second look at her new acquisition and dropped into a chair laughing weakly.

"Miss Gertrude done send me, Miss," the maid repeated softly. "And she said fo' yo' to jest go set in de parlo' and leave all the servin' to me."

"Oh, Gertrude, Gertrude," gurgled Isabel. "What nonsense won't that child attempt?"

The luncheon was faultlessly served. Never was waitress quicker, lighter, softer, more all-seeing, more graceful.

Even the critical Mrs. Caulkington was impressed.

Afterward, when the luncheon party had adjourned to the drawing-room, the guest deliberately led around to the subject of domestics.

"Do you find it as hard to get good girls in the suburbs as we do in the city?" she asked. "I imagine not, for that young waitress of yours is perfection itself."

"Well, good girls are very scarce here," answered Isabel. "And I've no doubt we'd have endless trouble if we had to change. But, you see, we have raised Anna ourselves. She knows our own ways and suits us perfectly. We've had her for more than ten years. I know she'll never leave us unless, of course, she marries and has a home of her own."

"My dear girl, you simply have a treasure," cried the visitor with warmth. "If I were in your place I would shiver at the very thought of losing her. And, do you know, since I've seen how perfectly your little table is arranged and served, I'm really afraid of what Miss Isabel will think when she comes to me in the city. I hope you will close your eyes to a number of things in my housekeeping, Miss Isabel."

"Oh, I am not critical, Mrs. Caulkington," laughed Isabel. "And everyone knows how hard it is to get maids like Anna nowadays."—What to Eat.

Discoverers of America.

The Rev. Shuye Sonoda, Buddhist priest of Japan, has returned from Mexico with what he regards as convincing proof that his people discovered America 1,000 years before Columbus and carried their faith along the Pacific coats from Alaska to Mexico. Sonoda has been assisted by Senor Batres, archaeologist of the Mexican government. Sonoda followed the chronicles of Hoeirshin, a Buddhist monk, who, in 499 A. D., returned to his native land with an account of explorations that reached to a land he called Fu Sang, now identified with Mexico because of the maguey plant. Sonoda found innumerable evidences of Buddhist influence over the natives of Mexico. Some of these were the Mexican zodiac with its twenty-eight hours. Buddha Zaca, oriental letterings and signs on temples, stones, images and pottery and hundreds of names which are slightly corrupted from the Japanese. The temples he found invariably facing south as in Tibet, the home of Buddhism, and in the mosaics at Uitla he found the common cross of Tibet.

He also found strong racial resemblances in features between the Mexican and California mission Indians and the Japanese. So strong were these resemblances in features that when a California mission Indian was dressed in Japanese costume and photographed Prof. John Fyer of the chair of oriental languages, University of California, declared the photograph was of a Japanese of the northern islands and bore no resemblance to the California Indian.

Be Like Papa.

A local gentleman of prominence has become famous for his wonderful self-conceit. He thinks Mr. — is a little bit nicer and brighter and more moral than any other man in the city. His wife has circulated a story about him that almost breaks his heart.

He was teaching his little boy to pray, and the little fellow, pursuant to his father's words, had requested the blessing for everyone.

"Pray for little boys like yourself," said the parent. "Ask that they may grow up like your papa."

And the little boy prayed that all boys should grow up to be great men like his father.—Louisville Commercial

"Either I am a fool," a man said to day, "or other people are."

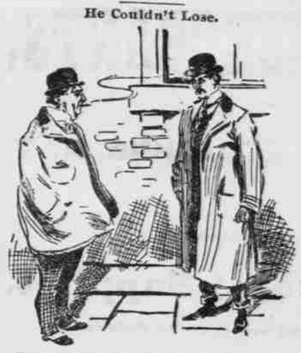
Fortune is usually seen in the company of industry and charity.

An Interloper.

Old Gentleman—Here, sir, how is it I catch you kissing my daughter?

The Lover—By sneaking in on us, sir. —Philadelphia Press.

He Couldn't Lose.



Jones—Do you object to your boy playing football?

Smith—No, indeed; the policy is made out in my favor.

Greatest Force.

Tommy—Pop, what is the greatest force in local politics?

Tommy's Pop—The police force, my son.—Philadelphia Record.

Foxy Youth.

Elderly—I saw you with the charming Miss Hedstrong to-day. I know her parents very well.

Youngman—Do you? I wish you'd put in a bad word for me with them.

Elderly—You mean a "good" word, of course.

Youngman—No, I don't. If I can only get her parents to oppose me I'll land the girl sure.—Philadelphia Press.

He Knew Better.

"Oh, John," she cried, "baby's cut a tooth."

"Aw, go 'way!" broke in little Willie, who was playing on the floor. "You can't cut a tooth! You may break it, but you can't cut it."—Chicago Post.

The Other Side.

"I suppose your experience is that a good many tenants find it cheaper to keep moving than to pay rent?" remarked the inquisitive man.

"No doubt," replied the candid real estate agent, "and we frequently find it cheaper to keep them moving than to make the repairs they require."—Philadelphia Press.

Just Wiggled.

"How did Eleanor announce her engagement?"

"Just wiggled the finger that wore the diamond ring."—Puck.

AGAIN THE UNLUCKY THIRTEEN.

Sykes (counting the Judge and jury)—I allus said as 'ow thirteen wos an unlucky number.

His Customary State.

"Your friend Tackey is 'way off in Honolulu now. Doesn't that surprise you?"

"It does and it doesn't."

"Heard he was going there, eh?"

"No, I didn't know he was in Honolulu, but I knew he was 'way off even when he was here."—Philadelphia Record.

They Improve with Age.

Belle—I have a violin that I played on when I was a little girl.

Nell—Gracious! It must be a fine one.

A Married Man.

Jaspar—Why do you consider Bondrocks so especially lucky?

Jumpuppe—Why, all his friends had gone back on him before he had succeeded, and he was able to begin life with a clean slate.—Life.

Well-Merited.

"I understand Miss Goode took piano lessons at the conservatory."

"Oh, yes. She's got a gold medal."

"Yet, I was paying a visit at her house last night and she positively refused to play; said she had decided to give it up."

"Yes, that's what she got the gold medal for. The neighbors gave it to her."—Philadelphia Press.

Charity Needed.

Kind Lady—You say you have such a hard time supporting your three daughters. What do they do?

Hash Brown—Two is havin' der voices cultivated and de odder is in Europe studyin' art.

Ligh'.

"You used to say," she bitterly complained, "that I was the light of your existence."

'I know it," he replied with almost brutal frankness, "but that was before I had to pay for the gas you consume by sitting up till midnight reading fool love stories."—Chicago Times-Herald.

Trapped.

"Females seem to be the same the world over," remarked Bruin, glancing up from the fragment of paper he had been reading. "Here's an account of a woman being badly crushed at a spring opening."

"Yes?" replied the fox, languidly.

"Yes. A spring opening was the death of my first wife. She put her foot in it, and it closed on her."—Philadelphia Press.

Made to Feel at Home.

"Didn't you feel yourself a stranger in your literary club after being absent so long, Mrs. Jinks?"

"No, one of the other members snubbed me the minute I opened my mouth."—Chicago Record.

La Pompadour.

"What's the matter with your hair?" asked Cawker of his wife, when she appeared at the breakfast table.

"What seems to be the matter?"

"It has an unshoveled appearance."

Lots of Time.

Jack Newlywed—Time you were getting married, old man.

Billy Bachelor—O, I don't know; the century is young yet.—Ohio State Journal.

The Height of Ingenuity.

Jaggles—What do you think is the most wonderful machine ever invented?

Waggles—The one that puts the fools in time-tables.—Judy.

Not Alex's Earth.

Alex Smart—The earth is merely a speck in the universe.

Prof. Squelcher—While your statement is true, young man, that does not justify your apparent theory that you own it.—Ohio State Journal.

An Artistic Distinction.

Mr. Sappeigh—Mr. Woonen seems badly smitten on that young lady pianist. "Music hath charms," you know.

Miss Gebbeigh—Yes, and in this case it must be the music which hath the charms."—Baltimore American.

A Reformer Rebuked.

German Child—I don't believe in emperors, mamma.

German Mother (shocked)—Oh, you little infidel!—Puck.

The "Jolly-Er."

I'm allus kind o' glad to see the "jolly-er" come along;
The feller that kin tell a joke or mebbe sing a song;
The man that puts up lightnin' rods you really didn't need
Or sells you ground that isn't wuth the paper in the deed.
He has a way o' shakin' hands an' sayin' "How-dy do!"
That jes' convinces you he thinks the world an' all o' you.
He doesn' keer fur money; he is sech a generous elf!
An' purty soon he has you feelin' jes' that way yourself!

But I don't bear him any grudge; I jes' take off my hat,
He's made this ol' world brighter, an' I'm 'bliged to him fur that.
I listen to his stories (an' at some I'm laughing yit),
An' try to git off jes' as cheap as reason will permit.
Fur it's wuth a little somethin' to have some one comin' out
To make you feel that you're the real thing without a doubt;
A regular steppin', thoroughbred—much swifter than the throng—
You feel that you're right in it when the jolly-er comes along.
—Washington Star.